

DELL  
COMIC

NO. 455

10¢

# Johnny Mack Brown

50¢

## Comics

2/13



**WEB COMIC  
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# California's Desert Posse



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Throughout the remote and unsettled regions of the West, inaccessible by automobile, the law still takes to the saddle.

Typical of this is California's famed desert posse. From the San Bernardino Sheriff's office, these rough-riding lawmen ride into

the desert on the trail of outlaws, or to the rescue of persons lost in the burning heat.

Though the years have brought with them many changes in western living, the mounted posse of armed lawmen is still of vital importance to the law and order of the West.



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# JOHNNY MACK BROWN

*in*  
the  
RACE TRACK  
TRICK

EASY BOY! WHAT DO YOU MEAN SHYING LIKE THAT? I DON'T SEE ANYTHING WRONG!

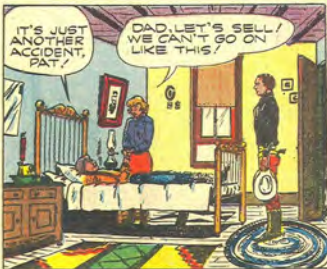
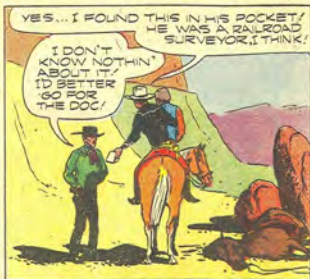
NOW I SEE WHAT'S WORRYIN' YOU, REBEL! IT'S A MAN!

AH NO HE'S BEEN KNIFED IN THE BACK! THE POOR FELLOW DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE... BUT WHAT'S THIS?

SO HE WAS A RAILROAD SURVEYOR! I DIDN'T KNOW THEY WERE WORKING THIS FAR SOUTH! BUT THIS VALLEY IS A LOGICAL RIGHT-OF-WAY!

HEY! THAT FELLOW'S ABOUT TO GO OVER THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF! COME ON, REBEL!





DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY, ONE OF OUR ARAB MARES WENT WILD AND GALLOPED ROUND AN' ROUND THE CORRAL UNTIL SHE DROPPED DEAD! SOMETHING... OR SOMEONE... IS RUINING US!

SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE TO ME!



IF WE JUST KNEW HOW TO FIGHT IT... OUR HANDS ARE SAYING THE PLACE IS JINXED!

I DON'T BELIEVE IN JINXES!



A LITTLE LATER...

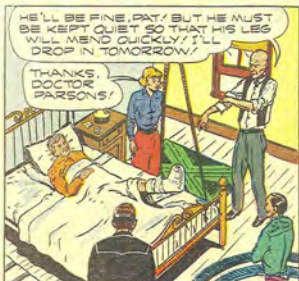
OH, DOCTOR PARSONS, I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE HERE!

MORE TROUBLE, EH, PAT? YOU KNOW I'M BEGINNING TO THINK YOU SHOULD HAVE SOLD OUT TO THAT EASTERNER...



HE'LL BE FINE, PAT! BUT HE MUST BE KEPT QUIET SO THAT HIS LEG WILL MEND QUICKLY! I'LL DROP IN TOMORROW!

THANKS, DOCTOR PARSONS!



I'LL BE GETTIN' BACK TO WORK! THAT FENCE HAS GOTTA BE MENDED!

FINE, FLIP!



FLIP ISN'T A REGULAR COW-POKE, IS HE?

NO, NOT REALLY... HE'S AN EX-JOCKEY FROM AN EASTER TRACK! HE CERTAINLY KNOWS HORSES, THOUGH! I WISH WE HAD MORE HANDS LIKE HIM!









I CAN'T EVEN SEE WHO'S SHOOTING...  
THEY'RE TOO WELL HIDDEN IN THE HILLS!

BUT WHY ARE  
THEY SHOOTING  
AT US? WHAT  
DO THEY  
WANT?



I THINK IT HAS SOMETHING  
TO DO WITH YOUR HORSE!

AS SOON AS WE GET  
BACK TO THE RANCH,  
I'LL SEND ONE OF  
THE BOYS TO  
TRACK HIM  
DOWN!



A FEW MINUTES  
LATER...

DAD! IT'S HAPPENED!

HONEY, YOU REMEMBER  
MISTER ANDERS? HE'S BACK  
WITH ANOTHER OFFER ON  
THE RANCH! I'M GONNA  
TAKE IT, THOUGH IT  
ISN'T AS GOOD AS  
THE FIRST ONE WAS!



YES, I  
KNOW, BUT  
YOU'VE HAD  
A LOT OF  
HARD LUCK!  
IT ISN'T AS  
GOOD AN  
INVESTMENT  
AS IT WAS!

WAIT A MINUTE,  
MISTER JANSS!  
IF YOU SELL NOW,  
IT'LL BE AT A  
GREAT DISADVANTAGE!  
I THINK  
WE CAN  
CLEAR  
UP YOUR  
TROUBLE!



WELL...

EH, WHAT'S THAT?  
JANSS, ARE YOU  
GOING TO LET A  
COWPOKE TELL  
YOU WHAT TO DO?



WELL,  
MAYBE...

WELL, I CAN'T WAIT  
FOREVER FOR YOU TO  
MAKE UP YOUR MIND!  
IF I DON'T HEAR FROM  
YOU BY MIDNIGHT, I'M  
BUYING THE SMITH  
PLACE!





SO YOU CAN BREED THROUGH-BREDS FOR STOCK WORK, ANDERS?

WHY...UH... CERTAINLY! WHAT ELSE?



JUST AS I THOUGHT! ANDERS DOESN'T KNOW A THING ABOUT BREEDING! HE'S NOT BUYING THIS RANCH FOR THE HORSES!



I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT'S BEHIND ALL THIS, MISS PAT! AS SOON AS I FEEL REBEL, I'LL LOOK FOR YOUR HORSE!

THANKS, JOHNNY!



THERE, BOY! YOU LOOK A SIGHT BETTER! I WISH I COULD CLEAN UP THE TROUBLES HERE AS EASILY AS I MAKE YOUR COAT SHINE!



A LITTLE LATER...

ALL RIGHT, BROWN! COME ALONG AND DON'T MAKE ANY TROUBLE!

WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

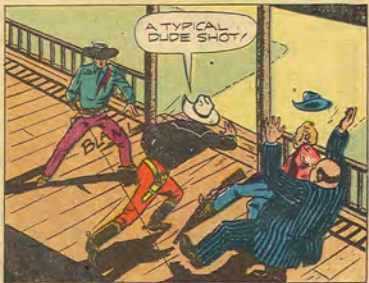


I DIDN'T TRUST YOU FROM THE START, BROWN! NOW THAT YOU HAVE TURNED OUT TO BE A THIEF, IT DOESN'T SURPRISE ME AT ALL! HEAD ON INTO THE HOUSE!



THAT'S HIM! THAT'S THE MAN! I KNOW HIM THOUGH HE DID WEAR A MASK! HE TOOK MY MONEY AND MY RINGS!

I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE IT WAS JOHNNY!



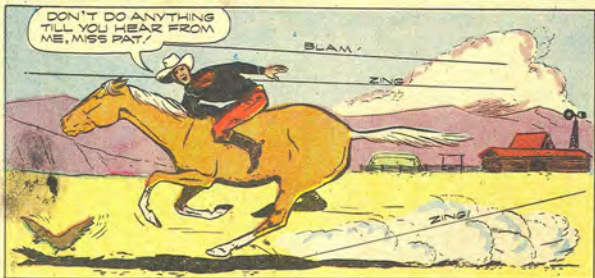
AND THIS TAKES CARE OF YOU,  
FLIP!



REBEL!  
HERE, BOY!



DON'T DO ANYTHING  
TILL YOU HEAR FROM  
ME, MISS PAT!



HE'S OUT OF  
RANGE NOW!  
LET'S GO GET  
HIM!

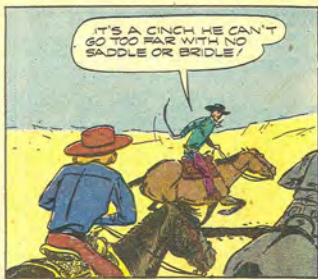
I'M  
COMING,  
TOO!



YOU CAN'T GO  
WITH THEM, MISS!  
IT'S TOO DANGEROUS!

I DON'T CARE!  
I CAN'T BELIEVE  
JOHNNY IS  
GUILTY! I'VE  
GOT TO FIND  
OUT FOR MYSELF!

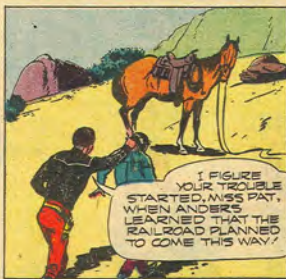












SINCE THIS VALLEY IS THE ONLY LOGICAL ROUTE, HE KNEW HE COULD DEMAND A TREMENDOUS PRICE FOR IT, ONCE HE OWNED IT! SO HE HIRED FLIP!



FLIP PULLED ALL THE NASTY LITTLE TRICKS TO MAKE YOUR RANCH SEEM JUNKED... MAKING IT EASY FOR ANDERS TO BUY THE SPREAD CHEAPLY!

N DRAW CANYON, ANDERS MADE ME-- HE SAID HE'D TELL JANSS!

NOW, WHERE'S THE BODY, FLIP?



WHY YOU DIRTY, SNEAKIN'...

WAIT A MINUTE! STOP, RED! FLIP ALSO PALMED THAT ROLL OF BILLS ON ME!



YOU MEAN YOU DIDN'T TAKE THAT MONEY?

COURSE NOT, RED! IT WAS OBVIOUS ANDERS FAKED THE ROBBERY WHEN HE RETURNED WEARING HIS GOLD WATCH AND CHAIN! ANY THIEF WOULD HAVE TAKEN THAT FIRST!



AND HE WANTED YOU OUT OF THE WAY, JOHNNY, 'CAUSE HE WAS AFRAID YOU'D KEEP US FROM SELLING!

RIGHT, PAT! ALSO HE HAD FLIP KILL THE RAILROAD SURVEYOR BECAUSE HE WAS AFRAID THE RAILROAD WOULD COME TO YOU BEFORE HE COULD BUY THE RANCH!



JOHNNY, ANDERS IS WITH FATHER NOW! LET'S GET BACK!

RED, YOU BRING FLIP IN! YOU RIDE, AND MAKE HIM WALK!







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When the two reflections fell across the swirling river water, Ned looked up in surprise. Two men, both dark and sour-faced—probably brothers—sat motionless in their saddles, staring down at him from the riverbank.

"Howdy!" the tallest of the pair called out. "Pannin' for gold?"

Ned straightened up and turned around. The strangers' horses, he noted instantly, were streaked with sweat and matted with dust. The shorter of the men had his right thumb hooked in his gun belt, near the holster. The other glared impatiently, then tried again.

"Any luck, old-timer?"

Ned's wrinkled face remained impassive, but his eyes roamed over every inch of the men, their horses, their equipment.

Suddenly his eyes opened wide. Then, just as quickly, they crinkled back into their usual squint.

"WELL?" the tall stranger's smile evaporated in a surge of rage. "Speak up, you old fool!" he shouted, his right hand fingering his gun butt. "Answer me!"

Ned's face was expressionless.

The tall stranger leaned forward in his saddle and whipped out his gun. "All right!" he yelled down at Ned. "I'm through playin' nicey-nicey!"

Deliberately, he thumbed back the hammer of his six-shooter and aimed down at Ned. "I just want you to tell me one thing! And, if you don't—!" He left the sentence hanging in mid-air, punctuated by a wave of his gun.

"Now tell me, you old geezer," he said softly, stressing every word. "IS THIS THE TRAIL TO THE BORDER?"

Ned stared at him, then pulled a

sand-smeared plug of tobacco from his shirt pocket. Biting off a small hunk, he replaced the plug. Then he stared back up at the man, chewing calmly.

The tall stranger's lips tightened, white with anger. He raised his gun abruptly, pulling down on Ned with a slow, steady motion. "I'm goin' to KILL you, old man," he declared through clenched teeth.

"Wait, Deuce!" the other man shouted. "WAIT!"

"What for?" his companion asked, without taking his eyes off Ned. "I'm mad! KILLIN' mad!"

"Maybe he CAN'T talk, Deuce! Maybe he can't even hear!" The shorter man snorted. "Sure looks deaf and dumb to me!"

The tall stranger hesitated. He glared down at Ned for a moment.

"We're in enough trouble already, Deuce!" the other persisted. "Don't make it any worse! Come on!"

Slowly, reluctantly, the tall man put his gun away. "You're lucky, Mister," he growled at Ned, "MIGHTY lucky!" Turning to the other man, he spurred his horse. "Let's go!"

Ned stood peering after them as they rode down the steep trail toward the valley beyond. Then, after a good five minutes, he went back to work.

He was still there when Sheriff Jim Weston rode up late that afternoon, followed by a posse of almost a dozen men. "Hi, Ned!" the Sheriff yelled cordially as they all drew up at the riverbank.

Ned nodded silently, by way of greeting, waved at the posse and sloshed over to the edge of the river. He stood there, waiting.

"I know it's no use tryin' to chew the

“cud with you, Ned!” the Sheriff grinned. “Talkin’ to you is always like talkin’ to an adobe wall!”

His grin faded. “Hate to tell you this—but your old prospectin’ pal, Lefty Dawson, is dead! Murdered! Shot in the back!”

Ned moved his head to aim a stream of tobacco juice into the river, then turned back, his face still expressionless.

“I know how you must feel,” the Sheriff continued, “’cause I know how close you two’ve been nigh onto thirty years! And, Ned, I just want to say—” The Sheriff choked up, then pulled at his nose.

When he spoke again, his voice was determinedly rough and official. “But we know who it was, Ned—them Barker brothers! Deuce and Lafe Barker! One of ‘em dropped a letter out of his pocket!” The Sheriff jerked at his gun belt. “So don’t worry—we’ll get ‘em! They got about five hours’ start, but—”

He broke off, following Ned’s eyes. “What? Oh! I get it—those tracks! The Barkers’ve been here! They must’ve gone on down this trail!”

No one spoke for a few minutes. Then the Sheriff said softly, “The Forks, Ned—did you tell ‘em which trail to take there?”

Before the old man could reply, one of the posse yelled over. “What Forks, Sheriff?”

“The Forks at Dry Run,” the Sheriff

answered, still watching Ned. “One trail,” he explained, “goes across the border, to Mexico. The other one hasn’t been used for years. Used to go right through a swamp—only the swamp took over. Now, that trail goes through the worst quicksand swamp in Texas—and you’d never know it!”

He raised his voice. “DID YOU, Ned—did you tell ‘em which trail to take? If you sent ‘em into that quicksand, it’s MURDER!”

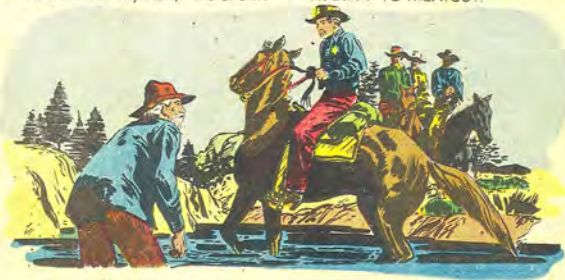
Ned held up a gnarled hand. “Thought I was deaf and dumb, they did!” His voice was hoarse and cracked.

“The tall one,” he declared slowly, jaw muscles pulled tight, “was wearin’ Lefty’s ring! And I knew Lefty wouldn’t give up that there ring of his’n—less he was plumb dead!”

Ned looked straight into the Sheriff’s eyes. “No, I didn’t send ‘em into the quicksand—and I didn’t send ‘em to Mexico. I didn’t tell ‘em WHICH trail to take!”

He smiled gently. “Lefty was my only friend on this earth. But there’s a bigger Judge out there in the mountains, Sheriff—bigger’n me, or your badge, or your town judge. He already decided which trail them varmints would take at Dry Run!”

Ned scratched at the back of his neck. “You can go see for yourself, Sheriff. But me, I’m sure! I just KNOW which trail them killers took—AND IT WARN’T TO MEXICO!”



# Johnny Mack Brown

and *the Glass*  
**SCAVENGER**

HMM, NOTHIN' LIKE A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP IN A HOTEL ROOM, I ALWAYS SAY...HEY, WHAT'S THAT NOISE?

AFTER A NIGHT SPENT IN THE GOLDEN NUGGET HOTEL IN TETON, JOHNNY MACK BROWN PREPARES TO LEAVE ....

BANG!  
CRASH!  
KAPLUNK!

LESSO ME! OUCH! HELP!

SOUNDS LIKE SOME POOR HOMBRE'S IN TROUBLE! MAYBE I'D BETTER OFFER HIM A HAND/HMM...THE DOOR'S LOCKED, I'LL HAVE TO SMASH IT!

CRASH

WHAT IN BLAZES!

NO! DON'T HIT ME AGAIN! I SWEAR I HAVEN'T GOT THE MAP!

WHO ASKED YOU T' BUTT IN?... YEOWW

TWO AGAINST ONE ISN'T MY IDEA OF FAIR ODDS!

I'LL TAKE CARE O' THIS MAD HOMBRE, SHUFFLE! OPEN TH' HALL DOOR!

YEAH, OPEN IT FAST, MISTER!



AND HAVE YOU LOST THE MAP?

OF COURSE NOT! I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMEONE TRYING TO GET INTO MY ROOM LAST NIGHT SO I HID THE MAP IN A BOTTLE! LOOK OVER HERE!

THEN, I TIED A STRING AROUND IT AND LOWERED IT ONTO A PILE OF EMPTY BOTTLES BEHIND THE SALOON DOWNSTAIRS, JUST BELOW MY WINDOW!

WHAT PILE OF OLD BOTTLES, DARWIN?

HUH? GREAT SCOTT, ALL THE BOTTLES HAVE DISAPPEARED!

MINUTES LATER...

WHAT HAPPENED TO TH' BOTTLES? WAL, IF IT'S ANYBODY'S BUSINESS, A JUNK MAN COMES BY EVERY MORNIN' AN' CARTS 'EM AWAY! I'M DOGGONE, GLAD T' GET RID OF 'EM!

WHERE DOES HE TAKE THE BOTTLES, BARKEEP?

AW, TH' OLD COOT'S - BULDIN' HISS'LE A BOTTLE HOUSE OUT ON TH' DESERT ABOUT FIVE MILES FROM HERE! HE'S TECHED IN TH' HEAD, IF YOU ASK ME!

C'MON, DARWIN, LET'S GO OUT AN' SEE TH' BOTTLE SCAVENGER!



DID YAH HEAR THAT, CARP?  
DARWIN MUST'VE  
HID TH' MAP IN A  
BOTTLE!

PRETTY  
CLEVER, BUT  
WE'LL TAKE A  
SHORT CUT, AN'  
GET TO TH' BOTTLE HOUSE  
FIRST!



AS JOHNNY AND DARWIN RIDE ACROSS  
THE BLEAK BADLANDS...

HOW LONG HAD YOUR  
BROTHER, CACTUS CHARLIE,  
PROSPECTED FOR GOLD, DARWIN?

THE FOOL SEARCHED  
ALL HIS LIFE, BROWN!  
HE WANTED ME TO  
GRUBSTAKE HIM ON  
HIS LAST VENTURE,  
BUT I REFUSED!



AND NOW YOU FALL  
HEIR TO THE WHOLE  
SHEBANG, INSTEAD OF  
JUST ONE HALF!

NATURALLY, I'M  
HIS ONLY LIV-  
ING KIN! BELIEVE  
ME, I'LL PUT THE  
EARNINGS TO GOOD  
USE, CHARLIE AL-  
WAYS WAS STUPID  
WHEN IT CAME TO  
HANDLING  
MONEY!



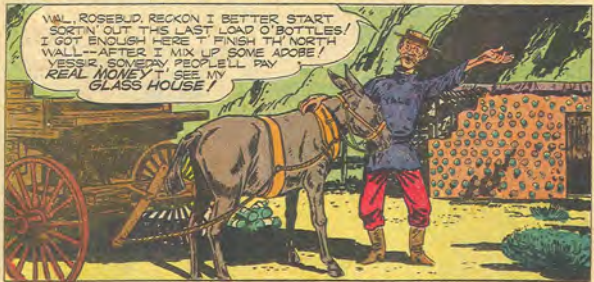
MEANWHILE, UP AHEAD...

LOOK! THERE'S TH' CRAZY BOTTLE  
HOUSE, SHUFFLE!

YEAH, AN' TH'  
OLD GEEZER'S  
ALREADY GOT HIS  
WAGON UNLOADED!



WELL, ROSEBUD, RECKON I BETTER START  
SORTIN' OUT THIS LAST LOAD O' BOTTLES!  
I GOT ENOUGH HERE T' FINISH TH' NORTH  
WALL--AFTER I MIX UP SOME ADOBE!  
YESSIR, SOMEDAY, PEOPLE'LL PAY  
REAL MONEY! SEE MY  
GLASS HOUSE!





HOLD ON, OLD-TIMER / WE WANT T' INSPECT THEM BOTTLES YUH PICKED UP BEHIND TH' GOLDEN NUGGET!

WHAT FER? THEY'RE ALL EMPTY!



ONE OF 'EM AIN'T EMPTY! IT'S GOT A PIECE O' PAPER INSIDE!

DO TELL! AN' WHAT'M I S'POSED T' DO WHILE YUH PEEK INTO EACH BLAMED BOTTLE? I GOT WORK T' DO!



HAW, WE GOT A QUICKER WAY T' LOOK FOR TH' NOTE!

HEY, DAD-BLAZE IT, STOP!

SURE, WE'LL BUST 'EM ALL!

BANG!

CRASH!  
TINKLE!



WOW! SOUNDS LIKE A BATTLE ROYAL AT THE BOTTLE HOUSE, DARWIN! LET'S TAKE A HAND!

IT'S CARP HAGEN AND SHUFFLE! THEY MUST KNOW ABOUT THE BOTTLE!

BLAME!

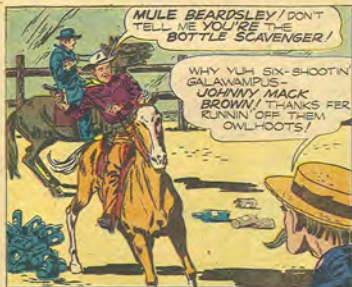
BLAME!



BLAST 'YUH, Y' THIEVIN' VARMINTS! YOU BROKE ALL MY BOTTLES!

LET'S GET OUT O' HERE! THAT COWBOY MEANS BUSINESS!

WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO TH' MAP! IT WASN'T IN ANY O' TH' BUSTED BOTTLES!





YUH SEE, SHUFFLE, CACTUS CHARLIE DIED 'FORE HE RECORDED HIS STRIKE! ALL **WE** GOTTA DO IS LOCATE TH' MINE AN' BE **FIRST** T' REGISTER IT!

HOW D'YUH KNOW HE **DIDN'T** REGISTER IT HIMSELF?



**BECAUSE I KILLED CACTUS CHARLIE** IN A GUN FIGHT AT THE GOLDEN NUGGET **BEFORE** HE EVEN GOT TO TH' CLAIMS OFFICE!

WELL, IT'S A GOOD THING I SAW HIM MAIL TH' MAP TO HIS BROTHER BEFORE HE WENT TO TH' GOLDEN NUGGET!



LOOK! BROWN, DARWIN AN TH' LOCO DESERT RAT ARE LEAVIN' TH' BOTTLE HOUSE NOW!

THEN THEY MUST'VE FOUND TH' MAP! C'MON, WE'LL TRAIL 'EM!



**LATER** WHOA, EASY, REBEL! WELL I RECKON THIS IS YOUR BROTHER'S MINE, DARWIN! NOBODY'D **EVER** FIND IT WITHOUT THE MAP!

LET'S HURRY! I CAN'T WAIT TO GET A LOOK INSIDE THE MINE!



HMM, OLD CHARLIE SURE DIDN'T WELCOME CLAIM-JUMPERS!

**PRIVIT PROPRTTY**  
**KEEP OUT**  
WHAT'S YORES IS YOUR'N  
WHAT'S MINE IS MINED!  
(CACTUS CHARLIE DARWIN)



VAAA! I'M RICH... I'M RICH!...

YOU'RE **DEAD**... IF YUH MOVE ANOTHER INCH!

KEEP 'EM COVERED, SHUFFLE, WHILE I  
HAVE A LOOK INSIDE TH' MINE! IF THERE'S  
SIGN OF GOLD, WE'LL GET RID OF 'EM PRONTO!

YOU CAN'T JUMP THIS CLAIM,  
CARP HAGEN! BY LAW, IT BE-  
LONGS TO DARWIN HERE, AND  
HE CAN PROVE IT!

SHUT UP, BROWN! CARP KILLED  
CACTUS CHARLIE AN' HE CAN DO  
TH' SAME TO TH' REST OF HIS KIN!



HEY, THIS MINE'S A  
FAKE! THERE AIN'T  
NO SIGN OF IT BEN'  
WORKED BY...!



HE'S DEAD! THE  
MINE WAS RIGGED  
T' BLOW UP THE  
FIRST PERSON  
TO GO IN!

SOMETHIN'  
TELLS ME  
CACTUS  
CHARLIE FIGURED  
OUT A PLOT TO  
KILL HIS OWN  
BROTHER!



AIN'T NOTHIN'  
LEFT O' CARP HAGEN!  
TH' TUNNEL WAS MINED  
ALL RIGHT WITH  
DYNAMITE!

THAT'S IT!  
THAT'S WHY HE  
SENT ME THE MAP!  
HE WANTED TO  
KILL ME BECAUSE  
I WOULDN'T  
FINANCE HIS  
CRAZY VENTURES!

THAT'S WHAT  
CHARLIE MEANT  
BY THE WORDS:  
WHAT'S MINE IS  
MINED!

YEAH, CHARLIE SET A TRAP,  
ALL RIGHT... GUESS HE  
SPENT A LOT OF TIME FIG-  
URIN' IT OUT! BUT I'LL BET  
WITH ALL HIS FIGURN', HE  
NEVER THOUGHT HE'D  
CATCH HIS OWN  
MURDERER!



# MURDER *in the* DARK

**J**UST BEFORE MIDNIGHT ONE NIGHT IN THE TOWN OF RED ROCK...

HEY!...  
WHERE CAN I FIND  
THE SHERIFF  
HERE?

YOU MEAN  
WALT MORRISON?  
WHY, HE'S IN BED!

AND HE'LL BE IN A  
HORN-TOSSIN' MOOD IF  
ANYONE WAKES HIM UP!  
IF I WAS YOU, MISTER, I'D  
WAIT TILL...

THIS CAN'T  
WAIT...  
THERE'S  
BEEN A  
MURDER !!

MURDER???

YES... AND A KILLER'S  
ON THE  
LOOSE!

NOW, WILL YOU TELL ME  
WHERE I CAN FIND THE  
SHERIFF???

A SHORT TIME LATER AT THE SHERIFF'S

SOUNDS LIKE POOR OL' CHARLEY BARNES, ALL RIGHT!

WHAT TIME WAS ALL THIS?

WELL... I'M NOT QUITE SURE! ALL I KNOW IS, I RODE STRAIGHT HERE AFTER FINDIN' HIM!

HM-MM... YOU GOT HERE 'BOUT MIDNIGHT AN' IT'S A THREE-HOUR RIDE... 'BOUT NINE, I'D RECKON! -

I WAS JUST THINKIN' ABOUT MAKIN' CAMP FOR THE NIGHT... WHEN I HEARD THE SHOT!

AND YOU RODE STRAIGHT UP TO THE CABIN?

THAT'S RIGHT! I THOUGHT THERE MIGHT HAVE BEEN AN ACCIDENT! THEN I HEARD SOME-ONE RIDIN' AWAY!

AND WHEN I WENT INSIDE, THERE WAS THIS OLD MAN, SPRAWLED OUT ON THE FLOOR... DEAD!!

AND THE STRONGBOX WAS ON THE FLOOR?

YES, RIGHT BESIDE HIM... EMPTY!



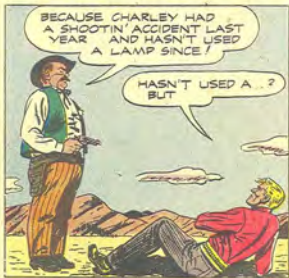
THE NEXT MORNING...













## The Prospector's Burro

**P**RACTICALLY ALL OF THE PROSPECTORS OR OLD-TIME "DESERT RATS", WHO ROAM THE WILD AND DESOLATE COUNTRY OF THE SOUTHWEST IN SEARCH OF GOLD OR OTHER PRECIOUS MINERALS, USE BURROS FOR PACK ANIMALS. THEY ARE PARTICULARLY SUITED FOR THIS PURPOSE. THE BURRO IS AN EXTREMELY HARDY ANIMAL. HE IS CAPABLE OF TRAVELING

GREAT DISTANCES WITHOUT WATER AND WILL THRIVE ON THE SCANTY DESERT VEGETATION WHERE A HORSE WOULD STARVE TO DEATH. HE CAN CARRY HUGE LOADS AND NEVER SEEMS TO TIRE. THE BURRO'S HOOFS ARE HARD AND HE DOES NOT REQUIRE SHOEING, EVEN WHEN GOING THROUGH MALAPAI OR LAVA ROCK. AND THE BURRO IS A FAITHFUL ANIMAL. HE SELDOM NEEDS TO BE HOBBLER OR TIED UP WHEN CAMP IS MADE. HE CAN BE TURNED LOOSE TO GRAZE AND HE ALWAYS RETURNS TO CAMP, ESPECIALLY IF HE IS GIVEN A HANDFUL OF BARLEY WHEN TURNED OUT. MOST BURROS ARE NOT VERY BIG, USUALLY WEIGHING AROUND FOUR HUNDRED POUNDS, BUT OCCASIONALLY

A MUCH LARGER ONE IS FOUND. THESE BIG FELLOWS MAKE FINE SADDLE ANIMALS. THE BURRO HAS A SMOOTH, EASY GAIT. THERE ARE STILL A LOT OF WILD BURROS ROAMING THE DESERT TO THE SOUTH OF DEATH VALLEY.



